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ACTION-PACKED TALES OF *REAL* COMBAT!

# BATTLE CRY

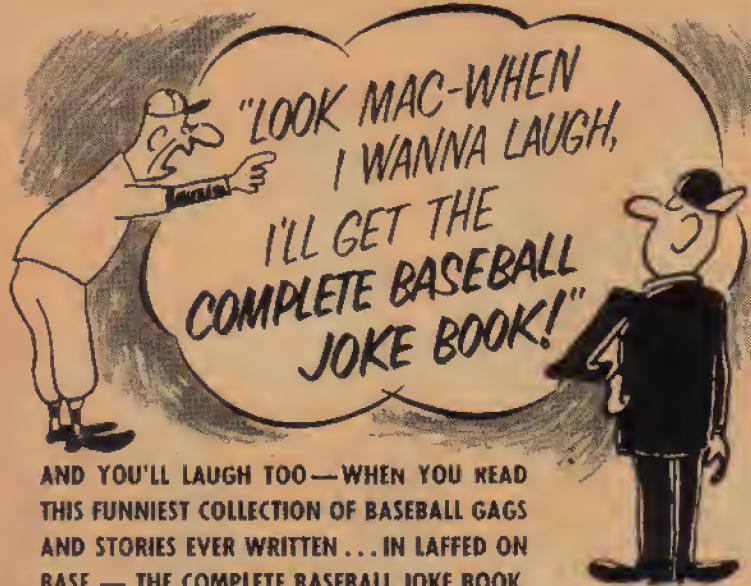
No. 7  
MAY-JUNE  
1953

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# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





AND YOU'LL LAUGH TOO—WHEN YOU READ THIS FUNNIEST COLLECTION OF BASEBALL GAGS AND STORIES EVER WRITTEN . . . IN LAFFED ON BASE — THE COMPLETE BASEBALL JOKE BOOK.

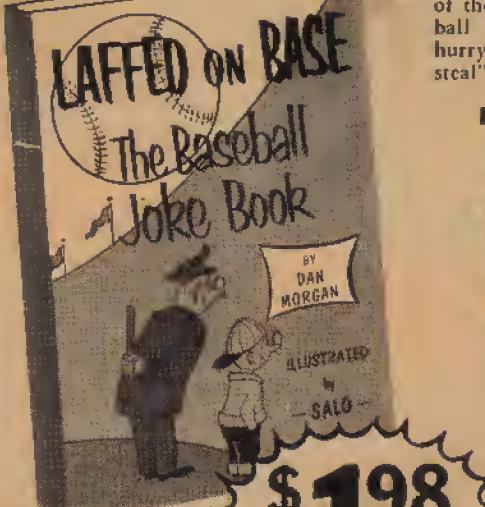
Here's a riotous selection of dugout capers that's a "hit" in any league ("hot stove" or not). Daffy stories of real ballplayers and their experiences on and off the diamond, with umpires, managers and their buddies.

#### CASH IN ON THIS AMAZING DOUBLE PLAY!

Surprise your friends with your increased knowledge of the game and at the same time chuckle to the zany antics of these wonderful "screwballs."

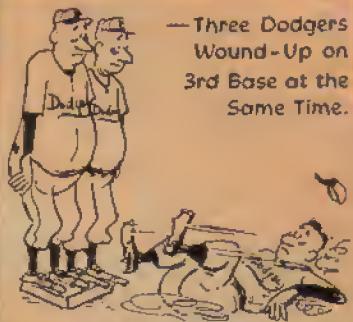
Read About the Wild, Crazy Antics of These and Other of Your Favorite Ballplayers!

Babe Ruth, Allie Reynolds, Lefty Gomez, Leo Durocher, Sol Maglie, Bobby Thomson, Dixie Walker, Yogi Berra, Dizzy Dean, Al Schacht, Frenchy Bordagaray, Babe Herman, Dozy Vante, Dick Bartell, Bobo Newsom, John McGraw, Frank Frisch, Rube Waddell, Rogers Hornsby, and many more.



BEAUTIFULLY CLOTH BOUND  
PERFECT GIFT IDEA

#### DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE TIME WHEN . . .



#### OR WHEN . . .



—Babe Herman Got Conked on the Head Chasing a Fly Ball?

#### OR WHEN . . .



—Casey Stengel Tipped his Cap at the Plate and a Bird Flew Out?

## SEND NO MONEY

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. J-335,  
113 West 57th Street, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

I want to learn about the funny side of baseball. Rush my copy of The Complete BASEBALL JOKE BOOK. If not completely satisfied I may return the book for a full refund.

Enclosed is \$1.98 (Stravon pays postage)  
 Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman only \$1.98 plus a few cents postage charges.

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ZONE . . . STATE . . .

NO C.O.D. TO CANADA OR FOREIGN COUNTRIES  
SEND INTERNATIONAL MONEY ORDER

THIS IS A STORY OF WAR! A STORY OF Oozing MUD AND CHOKING DUST--OF GENTLE RAIN AND HEAVY SNOW... OF BALMY BREEZES AND HOWLING WINDS--OF STIFLING HEAT AND BITING FROST--A STORY OF...



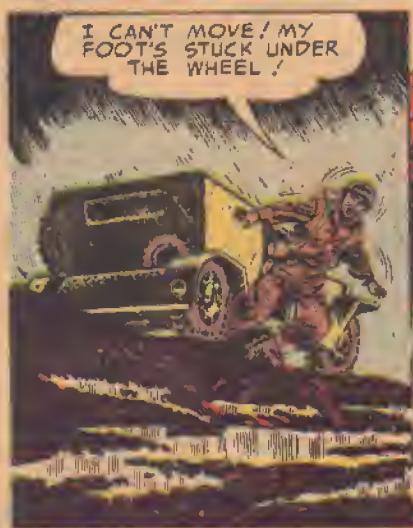


AND THERE YOU HAVE IT. THE FOUR OF THEM... NOW LET'S FOLLOW THEM FOR A YEAR AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



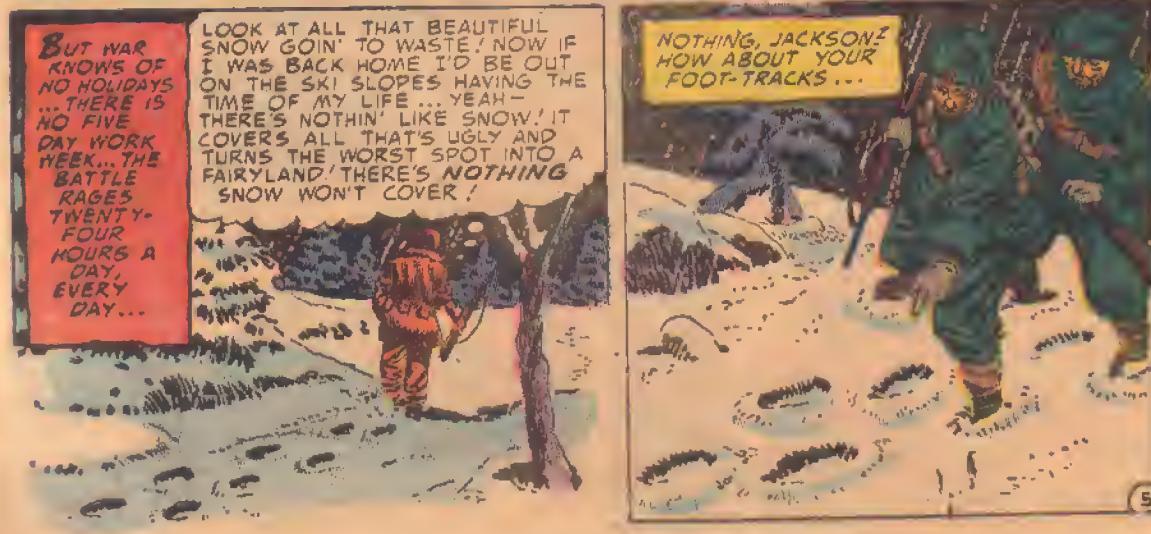
FEEL THE HEAT SOARING INTO YOUR PORES? IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE, ISN'T IT? BUT AS YOUR NATION RUNS RIOT, YOU BEGIN TO GET CARELESS...







AND THE MONTHS PASSED CHANGING THE GENTLE BREEZES TO ICEY WINDS FROM THE NORTH! AND ONCE AGAIN THE BATTLE RAGED ON... AND AGAIN MEN FOUGHT THE ELEMENTS AS WELL AS THE ENEMY! WINTER HAD ARRIVED!





THAT LEAVES US WITH JUST LUKE, DOESN'T IT? THE COLD BLASTS SPENT THEIR FURIES AGAINST HIM, BUT HE JUST HUDDLED DEEPER INTO HIS PARKA AND LAUGHED AT THEM! AND WHY SHOULDN'T HE... SPRING WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!





# SOUND OFF!



Dear Ed:

*I see you're planning to do a story on the Air Force. Well, don't forget the "future airmen of America", the Civil Air Patrol.*

—1st/Sgt. AL SCHEINERMAN  
Schenectady, N. Y.

You're right, Al. As yet we haven't even thought of the CAP in terms of a war book. But we will. And you can look forward to seeing a story about them in the very near future . . . ed.

Dear Ed:

*I have one kick to make. How come you only run stories about World War II and about Korea? Why not about World War I and all the other conflicts. They were just as exciting and as dangerous as the ones you write about.*

—JACK SWEETMAN  
Orlando, Florida

We have received so many suggestions along this line that we have done something about it. See what happens if enough of you readers write in! In the last issue of BATTLE CRY we did a story on THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. And in this magazine you will find a story about GERONIMO . . . and if any of you have any particular battles or incidents that you would like to see portrayed just drop us a line . . . ed.

Dear Ed:

*... on the whole I like BATTLE CRY very much, but how about some stories*

*about the Navy? Aren't you leaving them out?*

—BOBBY SUE MATHIS  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Ed:

*... the stories in BATTLE CRY are very good. True to life and realistic . . . something I believe should be in every war book. But you forgot one thing, how about a plug for the Navy?*

—KITTEN WILLIAMS, USN  
U.S. Naval Air Station,  
Lakehurst, N. J.

Well, it looks as if the girls are out for the Navy, doesn't it? Guess we'll have to do something about it. So keep watching the future issues of BATTLE CRY, sooner or later you'll find a tale of the U.S. Navy in action . . . ed.

Oh, oh, here's another one I overlooked.

Dear Ed:

*... Your book is one of the best war comics I have read . . . full of real, action-packed, true to life tales of combat. But I have a gripe. Where's the Navy Air Force. My dad flew on a TBF as a tail gunner during the last war. How about some stories about that branch?*

—GEORGE GETTY  
Eugene, Oregon

Read the above comment, George . . . the same applies to you. That's all for this issue. If you have any comments or suggestions to make just drop a line to

SOUND-OFF

Stamper Publications, Inc.

175 Fifth Avenue

New York 10, New York

OUT THERE IN THE DARKNESS THE ENEMY LIES WAITING... WAITING TO KILL AND DESTROY. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT THEM TO THE PUNCH — THAT'S YOUR JOB, FOR YOU'RE ON...

# KILLER PATROL

DITCH THE HELMET, PARKER,  
ON THIS PATROL YOU DON'T  
WEAR ANYTHING THAT'LL MAKE  
NOISE... IT'LL GIVE YOUR  
POSITION AWAY!

HUM? SAY WHAT KINDA  
PATROL IS THIS ANYWAY,  
SARGE? IT'S MY FIRST  
TIME OUT, Y'KNOW!



THAT'S RIGHT, I FORGOT.  
WELL YOU SURE DREW  
A FAT ONE, KID. THIS  
IS A KILLER PATROL. OUR  
MISSION IS TO KILL AND  
DESTROY... AND THEN  
GET BACK TO OUR  
OWN LINES!

YEAH KID... HERE'S  
WHERE WE SEPARATE  
THE MEN FROM  
THE BOYS!

YOU'RE PIT, TOM PARKER... AND YOU'RE AFRAID!  
AFRAID BECAUSE THIS IS YOUR FIRST PATROL!  
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!



YOU MAKE YOUR WAY TOWARD THE FRONT WHEN  
SUDENLY...



SO YOU YOU PICK YOUR WAY  
THROUGH THE MINE FIELD!  
ANY WAY YOU CAN...



THEY'RE HOLED UP IN THAT  
GROVE OF TREES. SOUNDS  
LIKE THEY'RE MOVING UP  
HEAVY ARMOR! THAT  
MEANS TOMORROW  
THEY DO THE  
**ATTACKING**  
AND WE DO THE  
**DEFENDING!**



BUT IT'S NOTHING TO FEAR...IT'S ONLY 'THE  
GUARD AT THE OUTPOST'!

PUT THAT POP  
GUN DOWN, BUD.  
IT'S THE NIGHT  
PATROL!



CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES...  
OKAY GUYS, WATCH THAT  
MINE FIELD OFF TO THE  
LEFT...AND THEN IT'S  
ALL YOURS!

YOU HEARD HIM... THEY DO  
THE **ATTACKING**... UNLESS YOU  
DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

WE GOTTA GET SOME  
OF THOSE TANKS...  
WE JUST GOTTA!



QUICKLY AND SILENTLY THE PATROL WENT TO WORK ON THE ENEMY  
ARMOR... THE TIME FUSES WERE SET AND THEY RACED FOR COVER. BUT FAST!



THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT, KID...  
NOW YOU'RE LEARNING...  
BUT THIS IS ONLY THE  
BEGINNING!

THEY'VE SPOTTED US!  
GET THE LEAD  
OUT, KID... TAKE  
COVER!



KEEP FIRING, KID... THEY  
KNOW WE'RE HERE! I'LL  
TELL YOU WHEN TO LET UP!



YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID,  
KID... KEEP FIRING! YOU'RE  
LEARNING FAST... KILL AND  
DESTROY!



KEEP IT UP... DON'T GIVE THEM  
A BREATH... YOU'VE GOT  
THEM ON THE RUN!



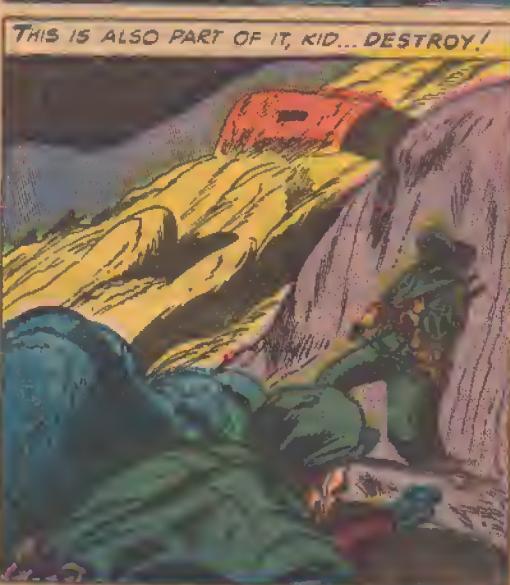
THAT'S THE WAY... YOU'VE GOT TO  
KILL AND DESTROY... AND SURVIVE!

SARGE, BEHIND  
YOU... WATCH OUT!



THANKS KID... NOW YOU'VE  
LEARNED SOMETHIN' ELSE...  
YA GOTTA HAVE EYES  
IN BACK OF YOUR  
HEAD! DON'T TAKE  
NOTHING FOR GRANTED!







IN WAR, EVERYBODY ELSE HAS THE EASIEST JOB... YOURS IS ALWAYS THE TOUGHEST! THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THOSE EASY JOBS... ON THE

# RUN TO MURMANSK!

LOOK AT THAT LIBERTY SHIP LEAVING THE CONVOY!

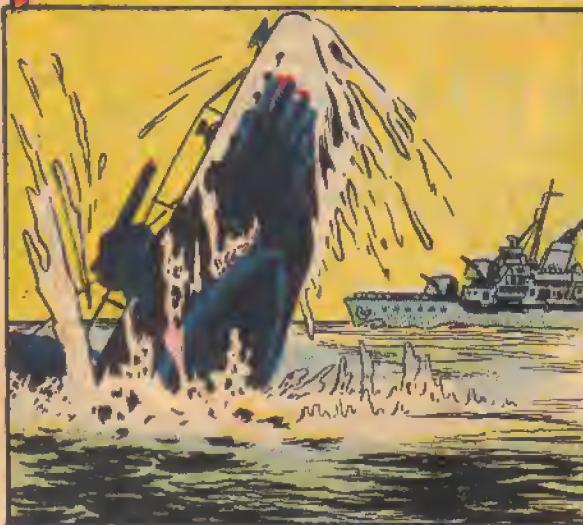
AND IT'S IN TROUBLE ALREADY---HERE WE GO AGAIN! WHY DO WE ALWAYS GET STUCK WITH THESE TOUGH ASSIGNMENTS?

*E. L. Eichman*

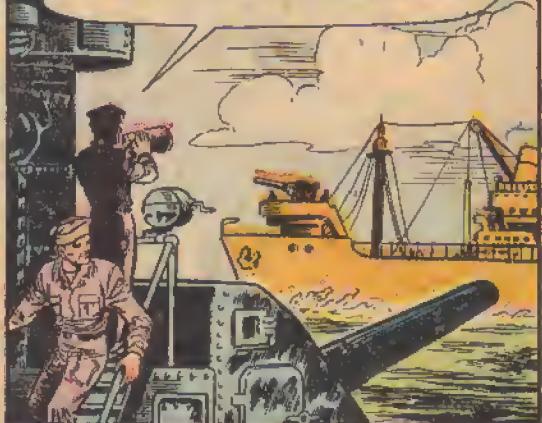
AND SO THE CORVETTE CLEAVED THROUGH THE WATERS TOWARD THE LIBERTY SHIP... THE WATCHDOG HERDING ONE OF ITS ERRANT FLOCK! AND THIS WATCHDOG HAD MIGHTY SHARP TEETH!



**THE WATCHDOG BIT... SCRATCH ONE SUB!**



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS... CAN'T YOU STAY IN THE CONVOY? WITH AN EASY JOB LIKE YOU GOT, IT'S THE LEAST YOU COULD DO FOR US FIGHTING MEN!



**THE SHEEP RETURNED TO THE FLOCK AND THE WATCHDOG TO ITS POSITION OF GUARDIAN...**



HOW ABOUT THAT! YEAH, SOME GUYS  
**WE** DO ALL THE FIGHTING AND JUST DON'T KNOW  
WHEN THEY'RE WELL OFF... BOY,  
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A **SOFT** JOB LIKE THEIRS!



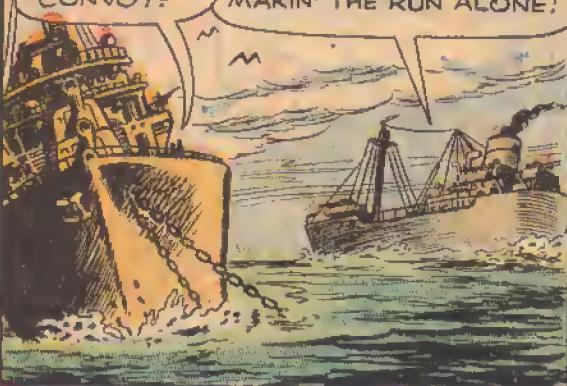
**A**NCORSES CHURNED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DARK WATERS AND THE CONVOY WAS HOME...SAFE!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

HEY, WHERE YOU GUYS GOING... AIN'T YA WAITING FOR THE REST OF THE CONVOY?

NAAW, WE'RE IN A HURRY... GOTTA GET THIS MACHINERY TO MURMANSK! GOTTA MAKE TIME, SO WE'RE MAKIN' THE RUN ALONE!



MUST BE AN EASY RUN... ELSE THEY'D HAVE SENT ONE OF THE CORVETTES ALONG!

YEAH... WE CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON IT BEING A ROUGH JOB WHEN THEY ASSIGN US!

THE LIBERTY SHIP FINALLY ENTERED THE BALTIC SEA AND PREPARED TO MAKE THE DASH TO THE RUSSIAN PORT AT THE OTHER END... BUT THE GERMAN LUFTWAFFE HAD OTHER IDEAS!



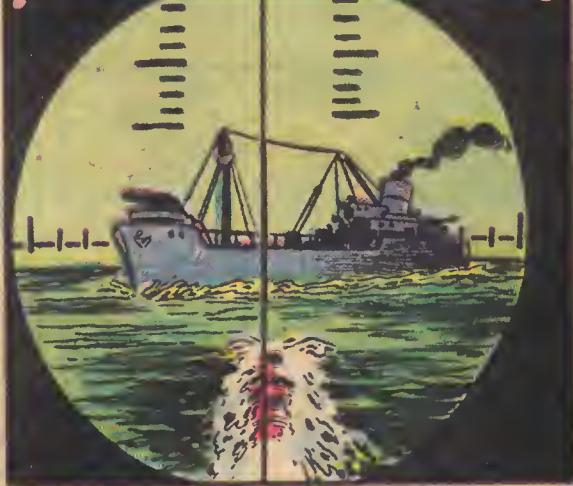
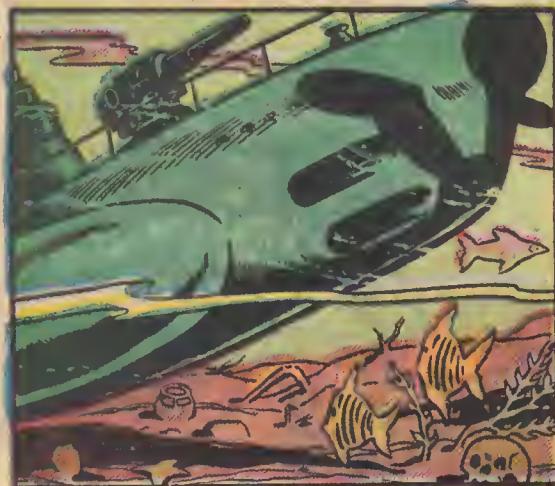
**A**N AMERICAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT  
GUN IS A POTENT WEAPON...

...ESPECIALLY WHEN IT IS USED  
EFFECTIVELY---!



**B**UT TWENTY FATHOMS DOWN A  
KILLER SUB LURKED...READY TO  
STRIKE!

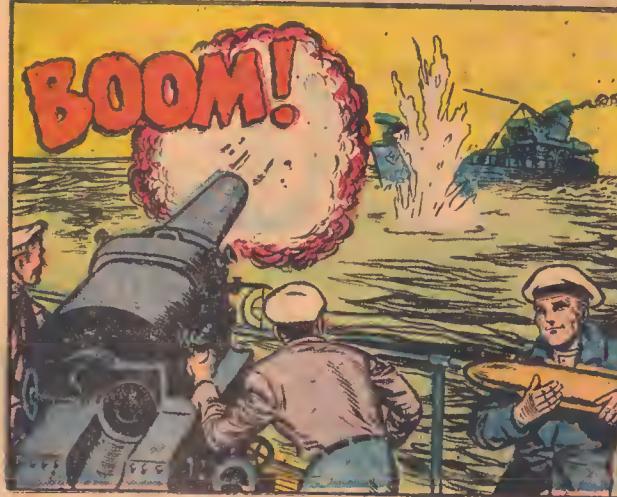
THE KILLER WAITED, HESITATED...  
THEN... FIRE ONE!



**U**NWARE THAT ITS TORPEDO HAS MISSED  
ITS MARK, THE SUB SURFACED TO FINISH  
OFF ITS "VICTIM"...



IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL  
THE SUB'S DECK-GUN GOT THE RANGE...



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...



# THE TAXI CAB DRIVER

The air battle raged across the skies as the heavy bombers pounded their way back from a mission to the shores of the Yalu River. Enemy MIGs swooped through the formation picking on the stragglers. A B-29 took a 20mm shell amidships, started smoking, then suddenly exploded.

The jets regrouped on the other side of the formation and then swung back as they came in for the kill. The 50 calibre machine guns on the bombers clattered excitedly as the gunners picked out the targets, but they were no match for the zooming jets.

"Feather that prop on the No. 3 engine, it's gonna vibrate right out of the mount!"

"Hey, lieutenant! We just got a hit on some of the control cables back here in the waist!"

"Here they come again! THREE O'CLOCK HIGH!"

"Top turret to tail! They're swinging back to you... PICK 'EM UP!"

Lt. Woody Miller flinched as the twin guns in the top turret burst into action over his head. The odor of cordite filled the cockpit as he swung back on the controls. Damn these big ships, you can never maneuver with them! Just flying crates, that's all they are.

A cheer crackled through the inter-com as the bombardier up in the nose cut in on the gunners.

"Here they come, boys. We can relax now! Here come our fighters!" Miller grinned as he caught sight of the blue and white stars on the sides of the jets as they engaged the enemy. Though outnumbered, the MIGs were no match for the superior gunpower and better piloting of the Shooting Stars.

Oil started gushing from the No 2 engine and Miller reached down to twist the dial that would feather the windmilling prop. When he looked up through the windshield, two Shooting Stars were slowly circling his limping bomber. Then he switched over to his Command Radio set and made contact with the escort.

"Hello Flock One, this is Shepherd Dog Four! Nothing to worry about now... we've got you! Just keep that Big Bird in the air and we'll get you home!"

"Roger, Shepherd Dog Four! Wilco and out!"

Miller switched off the radio set and turned to his co-pilot, Don Lund. Silently they watched the jets circle their ship.

"Look at 'em, Lang... beautiful, aren't they? That's the way to fly... ALONE! With nothing but you and the ship and the sky! That's what I call a PILOT!"

Lang laughed. "That's all I ever hear from you, Miller! Every time you see one of those air scoopers you start complaining. Personally, I like the 'Heavies'... plenty of room to move around in!"

Miller shrugged and then turned to watch the escort ships who were herding his big bomber back to its base. A while later the limping heavy lowered its wheels and they were home. He struggled out of the escape hatch then grinned as the two jet fighters streaked in for a landing. A mechanic walked them to the flight line, and with a roar they cut their turbo engines.

The bomber pilot and his crew made their way to the interrogation room where a captain interviewed them about their last mission. They told him how the enemy fighters picked up the formation outside of Hamburg and how they knocked out two engines.

"We were just sitting ducks for those guys!"

"Yeah, if it wasn't for those jet boys of ours you could have scratched one B-29!"

The Captain finished his report and Miller and his crew went out of the room. He went to the flight line for another look at the jets and saw two strange pilots standing next to them talking to a mechanic. Miller walked over to them.

"You must be those jet pilots. I've never seen you around this base before."

"That's right, the C.O. wants us to stick around here for a few days."

"Well, I'm the pilot of the B-29 you boys brought in! Want to thank you for helping us out... we pilots gotta stick together!"

The other pilot looked and snickered. "You call yourself a PILOT? Nuts to that, you're nothing but a METER READER! All you do is sit back in that plush-lined cabin and read dials all day... nothing to flying like that!"

The jet pilot started to walk away and then turned for a final word. "If you really want to fly, come on down to my base and I'll show you a real ship! That crate you push around is nothing but an oversized TAXI CAB and you're just the DRIVER! Never yet met a meter reader who could handle a real hot ship!"

Miller watched the other pilot disappear down the line. The words had gotten under his skin. It was something that had been bothering him for a long time, and the truth hurt!

He walked to a dispersal area and stared up at the battle scarred B-29. "He's RIGHT! You're nothing but a TAXI CAB and I'm nothing but the DRIVER! I'd trade you in right now for a Piper Cub!"

A jeep pulled to a stop under the bomber's wing and a sergeant yelled over to him. "Hey, Lieutenant, I've been looking all over the base for you! The C.O. wants to see you, but fast! Hop in and I'll drive you over!"

Miller, deep in thought, got into the jeep, and with a squeal it pulled away from the line and headed toward the administration buildings.

He saluted as he faced the Colonel who motioned him to a chair.

"I've got a job for you and your ship, Miller. I would have preferred using some jets, but they don't have a big enough bomb load, so I'll have to use a B-29. Care to try it?"

"You got yourself a boy, Colonel. Anytime there's a job for a bomber that a jet can't handle, you can count me in on it!"

The C.O. got up from his desk, and walked over to a huge map hanging on the wall. He pointed to an area in North Korea that was circled in red.

"The Reds are building through a mountain at this point. Probably a new supply route. If they can get it through, the 8th Army stands a good chance of getting its western flank turned. We want that mountain blown SKY-HIGH!"

"You'll use a stripped down 29, so you'll get some more speed out of it! And you'll be carrying eight one thousand pounders! It has to be just one ship 'cause if a whole mission went out the Red Air Force would be waiting for it! It's up to you how you carry out the bomb run... but don't miss, Miller... DON'T MISS!"

\* \* \*

And a few days later a lone B-29 rose slowly into the air... the first leg on its mission against a mountain! Inside the cockpit Miller and his co-pilot, Lund, talked the situation over.

The B-29 cruised along unchecked toward its target, when suddenly...

"Miller! Look! Four MIGs!"

The enemy craft made a pass, strafing the nose of the ship with 50 calibre bullets. Lund suddenly slumped over the controls as a red blossom spurted out of his forehead.

"He's dead! That first burst got him. Well, they ain't taking me... here's Woody Miller becomes a REAL fly-boy!"

He kicked the stick forward and the big ship went into a dive... STRAIGHT DOWN!

Down and down the "heavy" plummeted. Straight at the ground that seemed to be rising to meet it. And at the last instant, by brute strength, he pulled the big ship out of it...

But two of the MIGs were too close to the ground to pull out... and with orange explosions the ships disintegrated into tiny fragments!

Getting the jump on the two remaining MIGs, Miller pulled the bomber into the shelter of a friendly cloud. He poured over the navigational maps and then a smile lit up his face. "...about

thirty miles to Heartbreak Ridge... ought to be able to make that! Got a little surprise planned up there!"

The bomber pulled out of the safety of the friendly cloud, and once again the chase was on! Miller grinned as he watched the two MIGs suddenly shoot underneath his left wing. "Fooled you, didn't I? Never expected a bomber to pull a VERTICAL climb, did you? Well neither did I!"

An artillery outfit in the ridges near the 38th parallel looked up in surprise at the B-29 being chased by the two MIGs.

"Look at that 29, will ya? That pilot's crazy... thinks he's got a JET under him!"

"And look, he's got company... a couple of MIGs! Start tracking with the 105s!"

"Hey, he's coming back. Bringing them in for another run!"

"Bet they don't even suspect what he's doing! This should be like knocking off clay pigeons! START FIRING!"

The ack-ack boys did their job well... scratch two MIGs! Miller came back for another run over the gunners and wiggled the big ship's wings. An airman's way of saying thanks.

He headed North, keeping the "heavy" on the deck so as not to be spotted.

A short time later he came right in on the target! The Reds were so stunned by the audacity of the attack that they offered no defense... he had caught them with their pants down!

The four tons of destruction were released... four tons that were to destroy a year's work in a few terrifying moments!

Miller grinned as orange sheets of flame reached skyward. Then the bomber lurched as a tremendous explosion ripped the area. ON TARGET! SCRATCH ONE MOUNTAIN!

"Lost an engine! But it was worth it! And this baby can take it... c'mon honey, we're going home. I got a date with some jet pilots!"

The big baby made it! Despite the beating and the pounding, she had come home to roost!

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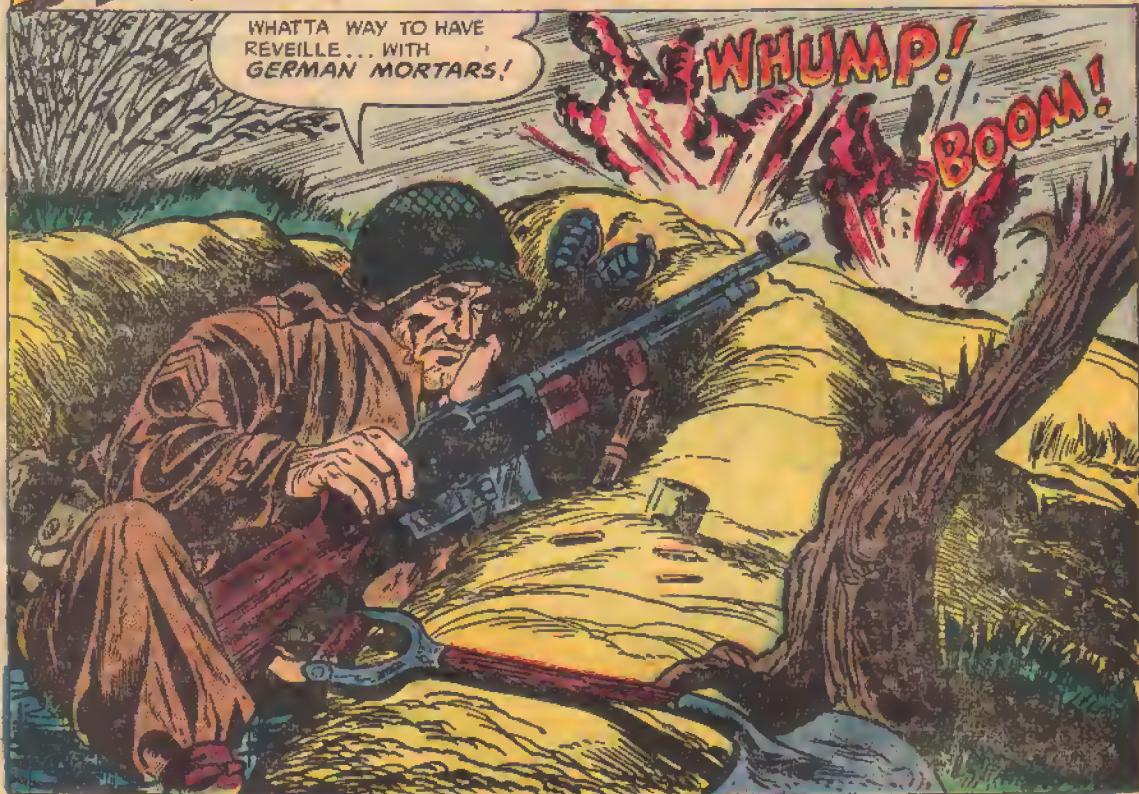
The two jet pilots sat on the wings of the B-29 and watched as Lt. Woody Miller described the action with his hands.

"...so I brought her in low at tree-top level, pulled back on the stick and laid the eggs right in their laps!"

"...and so ended the saga of THE TAXI CAB DRIVER. Of the bomber pilot who wanted to fly the peashooters... and who did! Who did it by wheeling and dealing. And by pushing a "heavy" all over the skyline like it had never been done before! A pilot's a pilot no matter what kind of a ship you put him in... even in a TAXI CAB!"

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE MOST UNDERRATED GUY WITH THE MOST OVERRATED JOB IN THE ARMY! WE'RE NOT GOING TO PULL ANY PUNCHES WITH THIS TALE, BUT HAVE TAKEN THE FACTS FROM THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A COMBAT VETERAN OF THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD...WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU THROUGH A TYPICAL DAY AT THE BEACHHEAD... TYPICAL IN THE LIFE OF A ...

# PLATOON SERGEANT





THE BARRAGE DIFTS AS  
SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN AND  
THE SERGEANT AND THE PRIVATE  
ARE LEFT ALONE...

GEE, SARGE.  
I SURE COULD  
USE SOME  
DRY SOCKS...  
I'VE BEEN  
WEARING THIS  
PAIR SO LONG  
THAT I CAN  
PEEL 'EM OFF!

WELL, I'LL  
TRY AND DIG  
SOME UP AS  
SOON AS I  
GET BACK TO  
THE REAR...  
MEANTIME  
TAKE THESE,  
CAN'T HAVE  
ANY OF MY  
MEN COMING  
DOWN WITH  
TRENCH FOOT!

SILENCE AND PEACE HAS NO  
PLACE AT ANZIO...AN ENEMY  
TANK GUNNER SEES TO THAT!

HIT IT, BEVINS!  
THEY'RE BACK  
IN BUSINESS!

THOSE ARE  
AIR-BURSTS!  
IF THEY CAN'T  
GET US ONE  
WAY THEY'LL  
USE ANOTHER!



TINY PIECES OF HOT  
SHRAPNEL RAIN DOWN ON  
THE TWO OF THEM...BUT  
LUCKILY NEITHER OF THEM  
ARE HIT...

BOOM BOOM!



HE'S MOVED  
UP THE  
DITCH!

LET'S GET  
OUT OF HERE  
...IF I KNOW  
THEM HE'LL BE  
BACK!

BEING A PLATOON SERGEANT  
HAS ITS ADVANTAGES...YOU  
EVEN GET TO HAVE A FIELD  
TELEPHONE IN YOUR FOXHOLE...

YEAH, THIS IS  
CAREY OF  
"A" COMPANY  
...GO AHEAD...

HATE TO TELL  
YOU THIS,  
SARGE, BUT  
FIGURED

YOU'D WANT  
TO KNOW...LENZ  
AND NORTH GOT  
A DIRECT HIT ON  
THEIR HOLE...  
BOTH OF THEM  
ARE DEAD 'ERN  
A MACKERAL!

SURE, A PLATOON SERGEANT  
HAS ITS ADVANTAGES...



...HE THINKS OF WHAT HE HAS  
JUST HEARD AND SWEARS TO  
HIMSELF THAT THE KRAUTS  
WILL PAY FOR IT...IF HE LIVES  
LONG ENOUGH...

EVEN A PLATOON SERGEANT GETS HUNGRY. AS A MATTER OF FACT HE'S ALWAYS HUNGRY...

WELL, IT AIN'T THE WALDORF...  
BUT I CALL IT HOME!



BUT LUNCETIME AT ANZIO DOESN'T MEAN A THING... THE WAR GOES ON!

TOO MUCH ACTIVITY GOING ON AROUND HERE, BETTER SEE HOW THE PLATOON IS DOING!



THEY MUST THINK THE ARMISTICE'S BEEN SIGNED THE WAY THEY'RE CELEBRATING... OR ELSE I'M THE ONLY TARGET ON THE WHOLE BEACHHEAD!



VENING FALLS BY THE TIME HE FINISHES HIS CHORES WITH THE PLATOON AND OUR SERGEANT DECIDES TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND...

THAT'S OUR STUFF!  
C'MON YOU GUYS,  
GIVE IT TO 'EM!



THIS IS IT...  
HERE'S THE ONE WITH  
YOUR  
NUMBER!



FLASHES OF LIGHT, BLIND HIM; CONCUSSION DEAFENS HIM... BUT IT IS THE PLATOON HE THINKS ABOUT... WORRIES ABOUT!

GOTTA GET THEM OUTA HERE... PLACE IS ZEROED IN... CAN'T STAY HERE...



KEEP DOWN AND SPREAD-  
OUT! THEY MIGHT BE  
BUSTIN' THROUGH THIS  
SPOT TONIGHT! WE  
GOTTA BE READY!

TWO MEN TO A HOLE... THEN YOU  
CAN RELIEVE EACH OTHER! BUT  
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA STAY AWAKE  
AT ALL TIMES!

EVEN THE ELEMENTS HATE THE  
DOGGIES... BUT THEY GET  
USED TO IT... THEY'VE GOT NO  
CHOICE...

WHERE  
YA GOIN',  
SARGE...  
I LIKE  
COMPANY

MAC FORGOT  
HIS RAINCOAT.  
I'M TAKING HIM  
THIS SPARE ONE.  
I'LL RELIEVE HIM  
SO HE CAN COME  
BACK HERE TO  
WARM UP FOR  
A WHILE!

HEY, THEY'RE  
USIN' FLARES  
... MEANS  
THEY AREN'T  
SENDIN' ANY  
PATROLS  
OUT TONIGHT!

DON'T BE TOO  
SURE ABOUT  
IT... MIGHT  
BE A BLIND!  
SEND WORD  
DOWN THE  
LINE FOR  
THE BOYS  
TO BE ON THE ALERT  
FOR ANYTHIN'  
THAT MOVES!

HERE WE GO  
AGAIN... DIG  
IN!

BAWUMP

HELPLESS AGAINST THE ADVANCING MORTAR  
FIRE, HE CALLS FOR AID!

... YEAH, THIS IS BAKER  
THREE... WHAT CAN WE  
DO FOR YA?

GIVE ME A  
BURST ON THAT  
MORTAR I TOLD  
YOU ABOUT...  
SAME LOCATION!  
THEY'RE ACTING  
UP AGAIN!

THE CALL OVER, HE TRIES TO MAKE HIS WAY BACK TOWARD HIS MEN...

...NOW THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP ME FROM GETTIN' BACK TO THE PLATOON! TAKE MORE THAN A FEW 88S TO DO THAT!

BAH-BOONA

PERFECT NIGHT FOR AN ENEMY PATROL TO DO A LITTLE PENETRATIN'... MIGHT WANT TO TAKE A FEW PRISONERS... OR JUST DO A LITTLE BUTCHERIN'... BETTER WARN THE BOYS!



... THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO PREPARE FOR AN ENEMY PATROL... GET READY... AND THEN, WAIT...

... SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD THERE MUST BE PEOPLE SLEEPIN' IN WARM BEDS... BUT THEY'LL NEVER KNOW AND PROBABLY DON'T WANT TO KNOW HOW WE LIVED!



WHAT A SAD THOUGHT! BUT AT THE MOMENT THE PLATOON SERGEANT IS A SAD MAN... ALSO A PHILOSOPHER...

THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE GONNA WORK OVER THAT MORTAR... LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE STILL IN BUSINESS!

GIVE 'EM TIME... THEY PROBABLY DON'T WANNA GO OUT IN THE RAIN!



HEY, THEY'RE GETTIN' CLOSER! IF THEY USE A CREEPIN' BARRAGE, THEY'LL BE DUMPING 'EM IN OUR LAPs PRETTY SOON!

STAY HERE... I'M GOING BACK TO THAT PHONE! THEY'LL BLAST THAT MORTAR, IF I HAVE TO DO IT MYSELF!

WHATSA MATTER WITH YOU GOLDBRICKS BACK THERE! YOU PROMISED TO PUT ARTILLERY FIRE ON THAT MORTAR AND HE JUST DUMPED A SHELL IN OUR LAPs!

NOW TAKE IT EASY, SARGE... WE WERE JUST GETTIN' SOME RELIEF FOR YOUR PLATOON... WE'LL SEND 'EM UP AS SOON AS WE ROUND 'EM UP!

OKAY, JUST BE SURE YOU GET 'EM UP HERE IN TIME... IT'S ALMOST TWELVE NOW, AND MY BOYS HAVE BEEN UP HERE ALL NIGHT!



SATISFIED THAT RELIEF IS ON THE WAY, HE RETURNS TO HIS PLATOON TO SWEAT THEM OUT...

WHEN THEY GONNA GET HERE, SARGE... WE'VE BEEN WAITIN' OVER A HALF HOUR!

WE'LL GIVE 'EM TEN MORE MINUTES, THEN WE'RE GOIN' BACK... CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE YOU GUYS COMIN' DOWN WITH PNEUMONIA!

AND STILL THE WAR GOES ON...

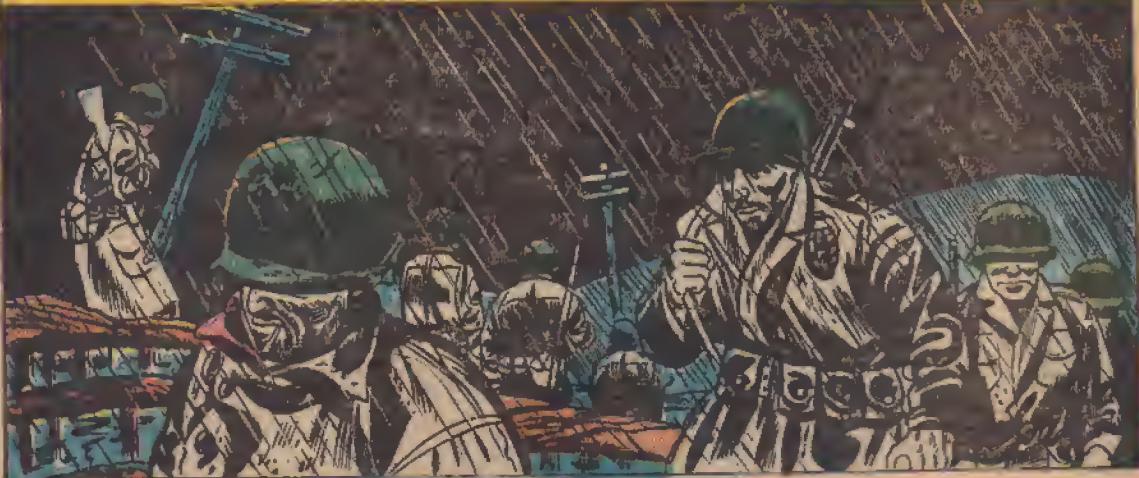
THAT KRAUT'S FIRIN' JUST FOR LUCK!" AND I GOT A HUNCH MINE'S RUNNIN' OUT!

ME TOO! PASS THE WORD DOWN THE LINE THAT WE'RE PULLIN' OUT!

BA-GOOM!

BAGOOM!

THEY CLUMP OUT OF THE COLD AND WET AND MEET THEIR RELIEF ON THE WAY BACK... NEITHER GROUP SPEAKS TO THE OTHER, THIS IS NO TIME FOR VISITING...



BACK INSIDE THE OUTPOST THEY SIT BY THE STOVE TRYING TO ABSORB A LITTLE WARMTH. THEIR FACES ARE AS ONE AND THEIR MINDS ARE BLANK. AND THEN THE WEARINESS BEGINS TO LIFT FROM THEIR SHOULDERS.

FINALLY THE EXHAUSTION HITS THEM AND THEY SLEEP THE SLEEP OF DEAD MEN, ALL EXCEPT THE PLATOON SERGEANT... HE WAITS UNTIL THE LAST OF THEM HAS SUCCUMBED...

... AND THEN HE TRIES TO SLEEP... BUT HE CAN'T FOR HE KNOWS THAT, TOMORROW MUST COME AND WITH TOMORROW COMES ANOTHER DAY... AND THAT'S THE ONLY THING HE IS SURE OF.



THE END